

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 462.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 19.

Hofer.

From the German of Schenkendorf.

When the Landlord of Passeyer
Innsbruck town by storm had taken,
All the students, full of fire,—
Book and bench that day forsaken,—
Thronging came, at noon, a greeting
And a serenade to bring him,
And his noble deeds repeating,
Songs of praise and thanks to sing him.

But the hero silence beckons,
Then he speaks, " lay down the viol,
God's war-trumpet stern thought wakens,
Meet we all the last sore trial.
Not to hear my poor deeds chanted
Left I wife and children weeping,
Earthly foes I meet undaunted,
Fixed on heaven my eye still keeping.

Kneel beside your rosaries rather,
Them I count the fairest viols;
Eyes upturned to God the Father
Help shall find in mortal trials.
One low prayer for me, poor servant,
For your Emperor then pray loudly,
' Give good rulers praises fervent !'
That song makes my heart beat proudly.

"I have now no time for praying,
Go and tell the Lord, your maker,
How it stands; what seed decaying,
Swells in many a blood-dyed acre;
How we're fasting, watching, toiling,
And how many a gallant ranger
Shoots no more, has done with smiling—
God alone is our avenger !"

C. T. B.

(Translated from W. H. Riehl's "Musikalische Charakter-köpfe," by Fanny Malone Raymond.)

A Dramatic Ballad Singer and a Musical Aristocrat.

I.

WENZEL MULLER.

Were you ever at a representation of "The Devil's Mill on the Wienerberg," the old Austrian "Magical comic-spectacle-opera," which once so much delighted our grandfathers, who liked more substantial sport than that of to day ? The Devil's mill, with its iron-clad knights, its languishing Minne-singer, the wicked miller who ground up his wife for amusement, and the Falstaff-Casper, who rides off through the air on the miller's ass ? The Devil's Mill, with its abrupt music, where every aria is a country ballad, and every orchestral theme a carnival dance ? The piece is sometimes given now-a-days, for the amusement of the gallery and the little children ; but a cultivated, grown-up, and reasonable public gets out of the way of such mad drollery. As for myself, I have always remained uncultivated, childish, and unreasonable, and could not withstand the temptation of going to see the Devil's Mill, which, with its abrupt, carnivalesque ballad music, made a wonderful impression on me. Certainly there is some secret charm in these old tunes, patched together by Wenzel Müller ; but they must be heard with child-like simplicity and faith, in or-

der to enter fully into the spirit of it. It is the charm of the people's song, but not the humorous or sentimental one which is so much fancied at present. Here we listen to songs overflowing with a rough abandonment to merriment, and also some of those half comic, half horrible people's songs, as they are still sometimes sung to the barrel-organ, before a painted canvass : in which the tendency of the people to the horrible, monstrous, and superstitious seeks an artistic satisfaction, and seems, at the same time, to be laughing at itself. Wenzel Müller's mastership lies in the fact that he reflects the true, unaltered people's song in his farce of enchantment, and that, too, in an inimitable manner. He is the greatest ballad singer of whom the entire history of German music can boast ; a man who recognized the germ of the poetical, the strength of German nationality, even in the rhapsodical fair melodies (and the penetration of genius was necessary for this) ; who brought the people's song, in all its divine, rough force on the boards ; and, besides that, a true Austrian, an unmistakeable child of Vienna, full of fresh, harmless humor, and good-hearted gaiety ; to whom a Ländler, even listened to from a blind, wandering fiddler, was dearer than all the Italian flourishes in the world, a really national tone-poet !

In the history of Wenzel Müller's life, but few original passages are to be found ; but these characterize the man. In the people's theatre of the Viennese Leopoldstadt he had flourished the baton for many years ; here his ballads and musical uncertainties had become celebrated. There the original master, who, according to Devrient's impression, nailed the Viennese drolleries to every ear, so that it was impossible to resist them, — was invited to Prague, to fill the post of opera director in a far more advantageous and brilliant manner. But he had not long given himself up to this wider circle of action, than he felt it unsuited to him ; he could no longer bear his distinguished position as chapel-master ; he was homesick for his national farces, and had no rest until he found himself once more comfortably settled within the narrow limits of his Leopoldstadt theatre. There is the true Wenzel Müller, as he lived in his harmless, hearty songs, taken from the mouths of the people ; who, contented with ballad-singing, felt at home and happy in it alone.

This romantic opera, which a grown-up, cultivated public avoids, once delighted all Germany. The old popular tales, that, a generation before, had taken refuge in Vienna, as their last sanctuary, began, illustrated by Wenzel Müller's irresistible melodies, a truly triumphal progress to the northern ocean and the Baltic, and over the seas into England. And even the greatest and most ideal master of German composition, could not withstand the influence that, flowing from the great ballad-singer of the Leopoldstadt, inoculated the whole of Germany. The humor of the Austrian popular song, was the prototype of all the German musical humor.

Wenzel Müller, was only a "little master." I

do not know whether, in his whole life, he ever finished one thoroughly worked out musical creation. But the little master who sang such a song as "He who never was drunk" and a hundred as good, has done something that very many great masters could not imitate. With some of his songs, one is doubtful whether he stole from the people, or the people from him. One must not be led astray, because he composed to a pitiful flat and unpoetical text, that does not sound at all like national poetry. I have tried to wed some of his most graceful and child-like melodies to those truly natural and spiritually related poems by Hoffmann von Fallersleben, and they went together as if from one mould. One fancies that the poet and the musician must have been one person, so admirably do words and music suit each other. This proves that the old Viennese composer and the modern poet drank from the self-same spring of national song ; it proves that both struck the right tone, too, spite of the immense difference in aim and means, and the different view of the world which each man had.

Wenzel Müller, the father of the resuscitated Viennese farce, was taught by Dittersdorf, the great founder of German comic opera ; but Dittersdorf, fluently, humorously as he carried out his ideas, was a thoughtful, learned musician, nay a pedant, beside the gay, sanguine Wenzel Müller ; he is a refined coquettishly elegant cosmopolite, beside the frank, thoroughly Austrian man of the people. But often as Müller wrote for the theatre ; none of his pieces deserve the name of operas ; they are comic romantic-ballad-dramas ! He is seldom humorous in the highest sense, but simply merry and low-comic ; he often writes himself out, is tiresome at times, and flat to the borders of triviality ; he has not the patience to carry out artistic forms in a rich manner ; he is no sorcerer in the technical treatment of his subject. These weaknesses are also native to the actual popular song. The people's song is commonly only fine in part ; just so with Müller ; only on his ballad-singer side is he the true wizard. He is as national as Hauswurst, Nastel, or Casperl.

This dramatic ballad-singing, although really of mean origin, still can boast of an old name, a long art-historical row of ancestors, a proud pedigree. Its roots are firmly fixed in those old tunes of the middle ages, that were played in the streets between the sacred mysteries.

In Vienna burlesque had kept the field since the old days ; longer here than elsewhere did Hauswurst lord it on the boards ; and in the Viennese theatres, improvisation, the very nerve of the national drama, was long in vogue, after it had been done away with in other places. Hauswurst would not allow himself to be proscribed as in Northern Germany, and when North German pedantry had just hunted him from the boards, the merry Viennese, by means of Wenzel Müller's melodies, sang themselves into a new Hauswurst, although he was called

Kasperl or something of the sort. What remains to us of the respectable firm, under the names of Frankfort Hampelmann, Berlin Bummel, &c., on the stage, has been spared through Wenzel Müller; but for his music, no one could have borne the ancestors of these characters in the Viennese farces. Since he has preserved to us the last remains of the historical Hanswurst, and fought, with his bold naturalness, against the pedants of the schools, he the ballad-singer, must be respected as a fellow-combatant of the literary "stormers and drivers," the Lessings, Schillers, and Goethes, unclassic as his apparition may seem in such classic company.

The Viennese popular opera, brought to its fullest bloom by Wenzel Müller, was not a base return to the old merry-Andrewisms,—a mere chain of intrigues for Hanswurst to hang his pranks upon; it mirrored, in grotesque caricature, all that the thin dramatic present could offer; and that, too, in the happiest manner. The flourishing chivalric spectacle of the day, with its grim, serious heroes, and loveable ladies, was united to the newly opened world of fairy and spectral enchantment. It is difficult to say, whether the thing is intended in jest or in earnest. The horrible is mixed up with the drollest ideas in such a manner, that even the later romantic school might learn something from it. The Shakespeare enthusiasm of the cultivated may here find its popular companion-piece. Is it not a charm resembling that which lurks in Kauer's "Donau-weibchen;" a tender, romantic breath of the spirit world, a piece out of the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—music and poetry both Germanized in the style of a Viennese suburb? Is it not the voluptuous, gloomy horror of an old ballad, which at times causes a cold thrill to run over one, that touches the listener, in certain parts of Wenzel Müller's "Devil's mill?"

In this great ballad-singer's time, the literary and critical enthusiasm for the German people's song, had just sprung into new life. From these literary tendencies the worthy Viennese chapel-master was certainly very far removed; in the simplicity of his heart he borrowed from the national melodies, because they pleased every one, and sounded so gay and intelligible; and he thought no more about it. And how do we know how much the charm and success of his songs helped to kindle the enthusiastic researches of certain admirers of national melody? And these investigators are held in honor; but no one thinks any more of old Wenzel Müller. Wenzel Müller lived long to prosecute his merry occupation. That is easily understood. He shook more than two hundred musical farces and fairy operas from his sleeves. That agrees with the species of production. He who cannot shake such things out of his sleeves, should let the business alone; and he whose conscience is not easy enough to take for granted the sins of a composition that one can shake out of one's sleeves, is no born ballad-singer. In his old days, Wenzel Müller often declared that he could not imagine why people made such a fuss about Mozart. Mozart wrote only seven operas; but he, Wenzel Müller, wrote over two hundred of them, besides a heap of music for the church. This valuation characterizes the old ballad-singer.

Müller died just before his seventieth year was completed. He had outlived his fame, but not

his works. This is a rare destiny. The grey beard heard his songs in the mouths of the people every day; heard his thoughts and forms imitated, added to, and worked out; but people no longer remembered that these thoughts and forms originated from him; and had the old man declared that it was so, he would have been less willingly believed than another. Such an incognito has a charm of its own, but it would be martyrdom to an ambitious soul. But Wenzel Müller could scarcely have been such an one.

Let no one despise Wenzel Müllerish farces, for they are a great historical proof of the triumphal strength of national song in Germany. For it is a prerogative of the Germans, not only to possess fine national melodies of their own, but also a talent for appropriating any fine national music. The history of the Dessauer March is an excellent proof of the assimilating power with which the German popular mouth stamps and almost re-creates a foreign melody. This march is altogether an Italian composition. When Leopold of Dessau besieged Turin in 1706, the vanquished Italians marched forth to meet him, playing this air. The pealing battle piece pleased the Germans, their own trumpeter began to blow it, the popular mouth took up the catching melody, Germanized its Italian turns, claimed the tune as German property; and thus the Turin march of homage has become a German battle-song, the material of which we won in Italy with the sword.

Wenzel Müller has had many pupils and imitators; none of them excelled him, but rather retrograded. He is the beginning and the end, the only competent dramatic ballad-singer. The Viennese farces still vegetate, and thrive fungification, but Germany is no longer enraptured with them. The right musician, the real ballad-singer is wanting. Raymond strove to ennoble the texts of these popular buffooneries. He finished some fine things; and yet, when he had completed his best effort, his admirable "Prodigal," he wanted to throw the manuscript in the fire; and after poetizing a little longer, he shot himself through the head.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

SACRED MUSIC.

V.

THE 16TH CENTURY, 1500—1600.

We now come to the most interesting modern epoch; that in which the scholar turned back to antiquity and grafted the study of it upon the science of the middle ages. The combination somewhat hybrid in the result gave this century less of unity and another character than that which had distinguished which had preceded it. But it exhibits an intellectual movement with which, as it seems to me, that of none of the ages immediately preceding can be compared. This magnificent era, which is known as that of the Renaissance, or of the Revival of Letters, because Leo X. and Francis I. gave new birth to, or revived in it, the study of ancient art and literature, produced Michael Angelo, Raphael and Palestina—that sublime trinity in art—embracing in its grasp architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, and music. If, rending the bosom of the Roman church, the sixteenth century had the misfortune to produce Luther and Calvin,* the old faith can offer as an offset to these pretended Reformers numerous illustrious

* The reader must not forget that a devout Roman Catholic speaks

saints, such as St. Charles Borromeus, St. Theresa, and St. Francis de Sales. King Francis I. founded the College of France and the royal printing press. Jodelle, Marot, De Thou, Montaigne and Rabelais wrote their masterpieces. The Tuilleries and the Pont Neuf were begun, and the popular Henry IV. put an end to the wars caused by differences in religion by the celebrated edict of (1598).

The council of Trent reformed many abuses and produced grand and previous results. In France, Clement Jannequin composed in the time of Francis I. the *cries of Paris*, a curious medley treated with much art, and the *Chant de la Bataille de Marignan*, which is also brilliant and well written. To the celebrated Josquin Després succeeded his pupil John Mouton, master of the grand chapel-music in 1520. This eminent composer had the glory of instructing Adriën Willaert, one of the chiefs of the Belgian school. Under Henry II., Catherine de Medicis called an Italian musician, Baltazarini, to Paris, creating for him the office of chamber musician.

Charles IX., a fine singer and violinist (his instrument is preserved in the Library of Cluny,) invites the famous Roland de Lattre (Orlando Lasso) to take direction of his music. In his time appeared the composer Goudimel, a Hugonot, born at Besançon. This son of Franche comté had the glory of forming the divine Palestrina, and perished miserably in the sad and fatal night of St. Bartholemew.

Eustache du Carroy, born at Beauvais, was chapel-master under Henry III. and Henry IV.; he contributed powerfully to the conversion of the latter and during the king's abjuration at the church of St. Denis caused a magnificent *Te Deum* to be executed.

We may mention as composers of the second rank, Jean de Milleville, Gilbert Colin, Arcadet, Maillart, Certon, Manchicourt, Phinot, Claude Lejeune, of Valenciennes; also Beaulieu and Salomon, masters of the chambermusic under Henry III. Of these composers we have a vast number of masses, motets, chansons, etc., published by Attaignant, the first music printer of Paris, 1527. This publisher, the earliest known in France left a precious collection in 5 volumes, now unhappily very rare. It would be well worthy the dignity of the Imperial press to publish a new edition.

But the French theatre had already ended its first phase, the exclusively religious; as that period is little known it may be well to enter upon some details which may prove interesting to our readers.

We would recommend the learned and curious work of Charles Magnin to such as wish to penetrate into the Origin of the Modern Theatre.* For our part, we will speak only of the ordinance against players (789) by Charlemagne, and the mandate d'Endes de Sully, Bishop of Paris, published in 1198 against *Le Fête de Four*, which had gradually obtained footing in all the churches of France. The impure remains of Paganism gave way to the real Christian theatre, which had its origin actually at the tomb of Christ, after pilgrimages to the holy land, so frequent in those devout ages. On returning from the holy places, the pilgrims composed canticles upon their travels, introducing into them the story of the life and death of the Son of God, they chanted also the miracles of the saints, their martyrdom, and legends of the time, giving also in public places a sort of theatrical entertainment, fitted to instruct the people while amusing them. This exhibition pleased and excited the piety of the divers citizens of Paris, who furnished funds to erect a theatre for the representation of mysteries upon festival days. "The first essay was made at the borough of Saint Maur, two short leagues from Paris. They took for their subject the 'Passion of our Lord,'—which appeared very novel and gave the spectators great pleasure."

Some twenty or twenty-five years later, Charles

* "Origines du Théâtre moderne," 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, Hachette, 1858.

VI. by letters patent granted, Dec. 4, 1402, permitted the Brotherhood of the Passion to give public representations. The Brotherhood established in the Church of the Trinity, rue St. Denis, at Paris, was authorized "afin qu'un chacun par devotion se puisse et doiboe adjoindre et mettre en leur compagnie à iceux maistres, gouverneurs et confrères de la Passion Nostre Seigneur, etc." This theatre had great success during the reigns of Charles VI., Charles VII. and Louis XI. Mysteries were also exhibited at Rouen, Angerst, Le Mans, Metz, &c., and the Brotherhood obtained in 1518, a confirmation of their privilege by Francis I.

The performances were continued at the hospital of the Trinity until 1539, and then in the hotel de Flandres to 1543.

July 16th, 1548, the Brotherhood gave its Masters and Governors power to purchase part of the hotel de Bourgogne in the rue Maucoucil. A decree of the Court, Nov. 17, 1548, maintained the sole right of the Brotherhood to represent pieces upon that theatre; but it is ordained that they shall play none but secular, licensed and moral pieces, and they are forbidden to represent any sacred mysteries. It would seem that these pieces had degenerated into a monstrous medley of morality and buffoonery. The Brotherhood then leased their theatre to a troop of comedians reserving to themselves the "two boxes of the Masters." Besides this Brotherhood, two other lay associations gave dramatic representations.*

1. The Clerks de la Bazoche, who were organized in the time of Philip the Fair; their arms were three inkhorns of gold upon a field azure; their orchestra consists of a kettle-drummer, four trumpets, three hautboys and a bassoon. In 1442, they played *moralities*, farces and buffoon pieces, which were first examined by the Parliament. But abuses very soon crept into the company, for in 1476 a decree suspended their performances, down to the accession of Charles VIII. (1497). Louis XII. re-established the liberties of the theatres, "thinking thus to learn many things, which it would be impossible for him otherwise to know." During the reign of this prince the Bazoches arranged their theatre upon a marble table in the grand hall of the palace, which was destroyed by fire March 6, 1618.

2. The Youths of Sans-Soucy, young people of rank, educated and fond of pleasure obtained patents from Charles VI. Their chief had the title of *Prince of Fools*. This association at first kept themselves within bounds. A sensible and inoffensive criticism was the basis of their pieces. Later, the Prince of Fools gave the Clerks of Bazoche permission to play his pieces, and in exchange was allowed to represent farces and moralities. Some time after, the Brotherhood of the Passion added also to their plays the Prince of Fools and his subjects. This company had the protection of Louis XII., who permitted them freely to exhibit the faults of all classes not even excepting himself from their criticism so long it was just. The principal dramatic authors of this curious period were:—

1440. The brothers Grebau, ecclesiastics, authors of the *Mystère des Actes de apôtres par personnages*.

1470. Jean Michel, d'Angers, author of the *Mystère de la Passion*, represented at Angers towards the end of August 1486, and at Paris in 1507. This remarkable man was appointed first Physician to Charles VIII. and afterwards counsellor of the Parliament at Paris.

1500. Eloy d'Amerval, priest and master of the boys in the choir of Bethune, where he was born. We owe to him *La Grande Deablerie*, printed in 1508.

1508. Simon Bouguoin, valet de chambre of Louis XII. wrote the morality *l'Homme juste et l'Homme Mondain*. He published also a *Traité de l'Epingle* (*Treatise on the Spinnet*).

* The company called "Les Confrères de la Passion"—the Brotherhood of the Passion.

1510. Pierre Gringore, called Vaudemont, author, actor, and undertaker of mysteries. This poet renounced the theatre to devote himself to works of piety. He was buried in Notre Dame.

1510. Jean du Pont Alais, contemporary and cousin of the preceding, was hunch-backed and a companion of Louis XII. and in the passage near the Church of St. Eustache at the time the pastor was delivering his sermon. The priest descended, went to Pont-Alais, and asked, "How dare you play the tambourine while I am preaching?" "And how dare you preach, while I am playing?" returned the other insolently. The priest complained to the magistrate, who imprisoned Pont-Alais. It was six months before he obtained permission to resume his tambourine.

1524. Barthélémy Aneau, born at Bourges, was professor of Rhetoric at Lyons and was stoned to death June 21, 1565. He was a Lutheran and had (it was affirmed), hurled a large stone at the consecrated wafer and the priest who carried it. We owe to him a *Mystère de la Nativité*, composed in *imitation verbale et musicale*.

1530. Jean Parmentier, born at Dieppe in 1494, composed loyal songs, ballads, rondos "good and excellent moralities," among which was one "very elegant," for ten actors in honor of the Virgin Mary. (Pub. Paris. 4to. 1531.)

1649. Louis Chocquet put into French rhymes with dramatis personae the book of Revelations of St. John, which was represented at Paris in the hotel de Flandres in 1541 and was printed in folio.

1549. Margaret de Valois, sister of Francis I., wife of Charles, Duke of Alençon, afterwards of Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre. (This queen composed comedies and moralities, which were represented by the maids of her court. She died at the chateau of Odos in Bigorre and was buried at Pau. Her works were printed in 1547.

The most celebrated actors of this interesting period were Clement Marot, Jean de Serre, count de Salles and Jacques Mernable.

The most ancient and most celebrated of all the mysteries beyond contradiction, that of the Passion, of which the first edition appeared in 1490. A magnificent performance of this immense masterpiece was given by order of Conrad Bayer, the 75th Bishop of Metz. God was represented by Signeur Nicolle de Neufchâtel in Lorraine, who was pastor of the church of St. Victor of Metz, and another priest, Messire Jean de Nicéy, had the part of Judas. On the day of the first performance at Angers, grand mass was celebrated in the place prepared for the mystery, and vespers were put off that the canons and singers might assist in the play.

The principal mysteries, which followed were *Griselidis*, or the *Miroir des dames Mariées* (of 2,000 verses, printed in black letter, in 4to.) *Mystères de la Resurrection*; *Mystères du Vieux Testament*; the *Sacrifice d'Abraham*, played at the hotel de Flandre in presence of Francis I.; *St. Catherine*; *St. Barbara*; *La Sainte Hostie*; *St. Denis*; *St. Christophe*, &c. These pieces were all divided into many *journees*, and interspersed with songs, dances and symphonies. This was the real Christian opera of the middle ages.

An organ, placed in the *paradise* of the stage, accompanied the voices of angels and of the numerous partakers of the action, who, as a rule, closed the performance by a grand and solemn *Te Deum*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist in Paris.

Paris, Jan. 4, 1861.

My paper this morning contains the advertisements of the following theatres; Grand Opera, Theatre-Français, Opera Comique, Odeon, Theatre Italien, Theatre Lyrique, Gymnase, Vaudeville, Variétés, Palais Royal, Bouffes Parisiennes, Porte St. Martin,

Gaité, Ambigu Comique, Theatre du Cirque, Théâtre Déjazet, Folies Dramatiques, Delassement Comique, Theatre Beaumarchais, Luxembourg, Theatre San Marcel; beside which there are several smaller places of dramatic amusement, divers casinos, public balls attended by "public" characters, and the like. There are then some twenty theatres, of all classes, open of an evening; the two principal operas playing but four or five nights a week. The first impression is, what a theatre-going, amusement-seeking people these French! Twenty theatres a night for a population perhaps a half larger than New York, and four or five times that of Boston and suburbs! But, per contra, these theatres are nearly all small; I doubt if the Bouffes, for instance, can seat 500 people, and the grand opera, I think, must be crowded with an audience of 2000. Again theatricals are almost the only public amusement; concerts are very few and far between, and are attended by small heavily paying audiences; public lectures, public meetings of all kinds are unknown. I have had this matter in my thoughts during all my stay here, and conclude, upon the best information that I can get, that upon any given evening a much larger number of individuals will be found amusing themselves in public places in New York than in Paris.

Just look at it; estimate the number of people which are in the New York theatres alone, from the Academy of Music (How much there is in a name!) down to the German playhouse in the Bowery, and how much short of the number of auditors in the Paris playhouses would the aggregate be? Then the crowds attending that American product, negro minstrelsy; the concert goers; the audiences of the popular preacher and lecturer; the crowds enjoying the excitement of public political, charitable and other meetings; well, now, does it turn out that the Parisian population is more given to public amusement than our own?

There is one point worthy of note in relation to the theatres here and that is the large amount of music during the performances. Pieces semi-musical seem to be as much demanded as in Germany; and very nice little orchestras there are, and singers which answer all purposes. Great voices and great execution are not demanded, and moderate abilities somewhat cultivated please. Occasionally, one appears and exhibits both voice and talent, and such an one makes the small stage but the steppingstone to a larger sphere of action. So it is in Germany. For my part I can enjoy a neat little piece with pretty, not great singers, a hundred times more than some ambitious attempt at great things, where, with the exception of the two, or at most, three singers of world-wide reputation, all else, scenery, orchestra, chorus and minor parts are utterly inadequate to the representation of the composer's and librettist's ideas.

Oh for a Boston or New York Shikaneder! Not because of his love of wine and women, his gluttony, his debts and his carelessness for the morrow—but because he gave, in his little booth of a theatre in the "Free house auf der Wieden," piece after piece, in which, in the language of the people with all the extravagance and low drollery, which marked them, there was always an appropriate music at least, and which led his audience by degrees up to that appreciation of good music, which secured the marvellous success of the Magic Flute, so soon as the novelty of its glorious music was worn off!

The oldest operas now performed anywhere in the world are those of Gluck, Mozart, and Dittersdorf's "Doctor and Apothecary," Cimarosa's Matrimonio Segreto, and some other products of the German and French schools of comic opera. And these two schools grew up out of the popular pieces given in small theatres for popular audiences.

Oh, for an Emanuel Schikaneder in Boston! A man who has so much faith in public taste for music

as to venture to engage a respectable orchestra, and give, if not original works, at least translations of pieces, which without making great pretensions have real value both as plays and musical compositions. But where are the singers? The demand would soon find its supply. Better voices, as nature has made them, you will find nowhere than at home. We do not need Sontags and Albonis to give us pleasure — so long as we are contented with simple natural melodies. I grant that we do need them if we are to have nothing sung but grand airs expressly written for musical phenomenal men and women. (Is there anything more distressing than to hear a great scene made familiar to us by Lind and Sontag, sung by a pupil after two quarters with Signor Contarini?)

The average size of the theatres which I have seen in London, Germany and Paris is less than that in our large cities and, of course, only in very few are voices of uncommon power needed; yet ours are not too large to be filled by voices such as may be found in numbers among our singers — provided they were properly taught. (An immense amount of talent runs to waste with us.) I would not propose that a Shikaneder try to do anything in the Boston Theatre or Academy as you have now dubbed it, for that is worse constructed for sound than any other I was ever in — the deviser of it evidently forgetting that the audience wishes to hear as well as see. But such a place as the Museum would be excellently fitted for him. It is good for sound, and is larger than several stages upon which world renowned works were first brought out.

Not to pursue this point farther, let it be added that the real German and French opera grew up from small beginnings — from popular pieces written for popular audiences — and that the same cause, until human nature is changed, will produce the same effect; even among us.

Great epoch-making works are not an every-day product — neither in literature nor in any of the arts. In opera Gluck gave us the two Iphigenias, the Orpheus and the Armid; Mozart the Marriage of Figaro, Don Juan, and the Magic Flute; Beethoven, Fidelio; Chernbini, the Water Carrier (*Les deux Journées*) and Lodoiska; Weber, Der Freyschütz and Oberon; Rossini, the Barber and William Tell; Auber, Masaniello; Meyerbeer, three, and Halevy, one, &c. The number in proportion to the aggregate of new works is small. They stand out as do the few great books of the last hundred years, or the few great paintings, or the few great works in sculpture. But as thousands of books, thousands of paintings, thousands of statues, *not* great, have, during these years, given the world in the aggregate more pleasure and delight than the few, so it is with opera. No one can compare Rossini's Barber in the points which we consider as deserving the epithet great, with his Tell, and yet it has probably delighted a hundred fold more auditors than its more ambitious sister. Oh for a Shikaneder!

Experience has given us the trueism,—the demand creates the supply. Look at our list of lectures in America, our troops of blacked minstrels, our political orators, our men who sell themselves soul (if they have any) and body for office. So here, there is never a want of new pieces for the stage — not "great" always, but in a large proportion of cases, having something in them which causes them to live their day, and pay their authors, an adequate compensation for time and labor. I notice that the list of new theatrical pieces in Paris for the quarter ending Dec. 31, gives the number as being twenty-nine — not including the catch-penny, blood and thunder comedies and laughable tragedies of the minor theatres, which do not attain to the dignity of a notice in the papers.

Of these, the following may be classed as belonging to the musical drama, although the part played

by music in the vaudeville is small—that species of plays being, as nearly as I can describe it, a farce with songs.

- Oct. 8. Une Tasse de Thé. Vaudeville in 1 act, at the Vaudeville Theatre. Music by Derley.
 8. La Famille d'Horloger. Vaudeville 1 act, at the Palais Royal. Music by Deslandes.
 8. Un Gros Mot. Vaudeville, 1 act, Palais Royal. Music by Dumonstein.
 10. Le Docteur Mirabolan. Opera in 1 act, at the Opéra Comique. Music by E. Gautier.
 15. Ce qui plaît aux Hommes. Vaudeville, 1 act, at the Variétés.
 29. Un Trouper qui Sait les Dames. Vaudeville, in 3 acts. Variétés. Music by Morand.
 Nov. 8. Le Guide de l'Etranger en Paris. Vaudeville, 1 act, Variétés.
 28. M. Tyran en Sabots. Vaudeville, 1 act, at the Gymnase. Music by Lafarge.
 28. Le Passage Razinwill. Vaudeville, 3 acts. Palais Royal. Music by Thibout.
 Dec. 3. Le Papillon, pantomime ballet at the Grand Opera, 2 acts. Music by Offenbach.
 17. Les Mutaines de l'Ami Pontet. Vaudeville, 2 acts. Variétés. Music Mehel Carré.
 17. La Maîtresse du Mari. Vaudeville, 1 act. Variétés.
 17. Le Passé de Nénette. Vaudeville, 1 act. Palais Royal. Music by Thibout.
 29. L'Eventail, comic opera in 1 act. Opéra Comique. Music by Boulanger.
 29. Les Pêcheurs de Catane, operatic piece, 3 acts, at the Théâtre Lyrique. Music by Aimé Maillard.
 31. Le Roi Barkouf. Comic opera, 3 acts. Opéra Comique. Music by Offenbach.
 31. Une heure avant l'Overture. Vaudeville, 1 act, L'Etincelle, do. 1 act. Both at the Vaudeville Theatre.

Most of these you see, are slight pieces, with no great strivings after effect, and nearer in character to our farces, than any thing else upon our stage. Suppose we make a few notes upon some of them,—notes mainly stolen by the present writer.

Le 'Eventail (the Fan) is a pretty little piece in one act, teaching the great moral "it will not do to play with love." The scene opens with a serenade which Fabrice, a young poet, gives to a beautiful widow, of whom he is enamored. She is not in love with him and gives him a gentle hint of the fact by sending four bullies, armed with clubs, to attack him. Capt. Annibal, a fine looking, drinking, gambling, jolly fellow devoted to adventure, hearing the noise rushes from the inn where he is drinking to Fabrice's aid, and the ruffians are driven off. Hearing the young man's story, he determined to assist him to vengeance, and they devise a plot by which the captain shall pay his court to the widow, and when he has obtained permission for an interview with her, Fabrice is to go in his stead, and give the lady a piece of his mind. They have forgotten to withdraw to some private place before their conversation and the widow hears it all from her balcony.

Phoebe the widow's sister has fallen in love with Fabrice, and so deeply as to tell him of it directly. Lucky chance for him, he thinks—he will pretend to return it and thus find opportunity to get satisfaction upon the other.

Well, the captain lays siege to the widow, and finds her so agreeable, that he falls in love with her. She intending to mystify him loses her heart. Fabrice's pretended love for Phoebe becomes real—and so there are mystifications all round save for poor Phoebe. At length the fan comes in, of which the widow understands the use as well as if she had read the essay in the connoisseur. She drops it to give the captain an opportunity of paying her a visit to restore it. But Fabrice now demands it as the means of carrying out their little complot. But the captain is now in love and refuses. They get angry, draw swords,—but conclude to cast the dice for it. The poet obtains it, and Phoebe, the good angel in the piece prevents any bad use of it. The widow refuses the captain's heart and hand until he brings the fan. He is in trouble; but Phoebe persuades Fabrice to go in the night and give the fan to the captain who restored it to the widow, and all marry and have until this present writing so far as is known lived happily.

There is not much dialogue, the piece being full of songs, serenades, and what not. M. Boulanger's music is very much praised for its liveliness, appropriateness, melody and fine instrumental accompaniment. Of the particular pieces noted are the serenade and drinking song, a duet and an air "I am twenty-one."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 9, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. V.

A WEEK IN DRESDEN, CONTINUED.

BERLIN, DEC. 10, 1860.

My last letter was to have recorded a rich week in Dresden; but with the space given the two principal figures, I only succeeded in writing out the first twenty-four hours. The rest shall come straight from pocket notes, in diary fashion.

Oct. 27. After such a morning (the *Chaconne* of Bach played by Joachim, and the "Dresden Madonna,") one felt well in the open air; Nature in her October garb, rich, but without the brilliancy of our autumnal woods, seemed doubly lively and responsive. There was a warm glow of promise in the sadness. A long walk by the river's side, and through the fine parks outside of the beautiful city. The moon stood almost full, against the fading purple of the sunset; and from the chill of evening I took refuge for a short time in the large and elegant restaurant and concert-room on the Brühl terrace, that overhangs the river. Here are concerts every afternoon or evening; sometimes orchestral, sometimes vocal: commonly the former. This time it began at six, and as we sipped our coffee, men, women, children, around little tables, we listened as long as we liked to music by "the Kapelle of the Herrn Stadtmusik-director Hartung, under the direction of the Herrn Kapellmeister Puffholdt." Entrée two and a half neugroschen (between 6 and 7 cents); but expected to take coffee, beer, or something for the inner man. It was a decent little orchestra of about 24, and played quite well; one of three or four such *Kapellen*, which play almost every day, in rotation in places of this sort. Not so large, nor so good an orchestra as Liebig's in Berlin, nor so exclusively classical in its programmes. Yet once a week, at least, they play a Symphony, and always several solid pieces mixed with lighter. The programme this time was one of the richest, and also miscellaneous. A large card hung in front of the stage, always told the number of the piece up for performance. The pauses mean coffee and kellners *obligato*.

PART I.

- Overture to "Hans Helling,".....Marschner
- Aria and Duet from "Euryanthe".....Weber
- "The Adventurer's" Waltz.....Lanner
- Finale from "Wasserräuber,".....Cherubini

PART II.

- Overture : "In the Highlands,".....Gade
- "Night," from Symphony "The Desert,"....F. David
- Adagio, from "Moonlight Sonata,".....Beethoven
- Overtures, "Iphigenia in Aulis,".....Gluck

PART III.

- Symphony (B flat, No. 2).....Haydn

PART IV.

- Overture : "Schauspiel director,".....Mozart
- Serenade (new),.....Kitsler
- 12 and 13. Waltz and Polka,.....Strauss, &c.

A quiet scene with a few simple notes and a steady
drum-beat. At the end of the movement there is a
short solo for the piano.

The piano part consists of simple chords and
rhythms, with occasional sustained notes.

MARTHA.

29

Allegretto.

dolce.

f

p dolce.

f

p

cresc:

MARTHA.

ff Piu animato.

ff Allegro.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

No. 5. DUETT.

Allegretto.

dolce.

f Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p *p*

BOHÈME BOHÈME

32

MARTHA.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the piano, indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a tempo marking of *dolce.* The bottom staff is for the voice, indicated by a soprano clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score includes several dynamics such as *ff*, *p*, *pp*, and *ritard.*. The vocal part features melodic lines with various note values and rests. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The score is divided into sections by measure numbers and section titles like *Larghetto.* and *Cantabile.*

The scene was what chiefly interests me:—the free and easy, cheerful, sociable, respectable looking company. In many instances it was the family circle transferred to the café-concert; the German substitute, if not equivalent, for our home tea-parties. And, all alive and sociable as everything was, what listening silence so soon as the orchestra commenced! A single “hush” from the humblest individual is instantly respected. I tell it to my young countrymen and countrywomen, that they may know there *is* such a thing recognized in the world as good manners in a concert-room.

But I must go without the symphony; for Herr R. is to call for Joachim and me, to take us round to the club-room of his Tonkünstler-Verein, to hear the Hautboy Concertos of Handel. We enter a long room, across one end of which are rows of music stands for an orchestra of 25 or 30. The gathering crowd through which we are led, of members and of guests, all real music-lovers, is very talkative and lively, and the reception right artist-like and cordial. J. of course is a popular hero in all such assemblies of the faithful, and every brother must seize his chance to grasp the strong hand and exchange some pleasanter words with him; so that we are some time in reaching the seats assigned to us before the orchestra.

The bond of union is purely art and the society of artists; they meet to practice the music simply for the love of it (particularly the less known works of older masters), not to rehearse for any business purpose. It is something like the “Amateur Orchestra,” that for many years existed, perhaps still exists, in Boston; only these are not amateurs, but mostly skilled musicians who hold places in the Royal Kapelle, &c. Herr R., their leader, an intelligent gentleman, learned in the history of music, and enthusiastic about the great old masters, plays, I was told, a trombone in the Kapelle. He prefaced the performance with a few remarks to the listeners on the history and peculiar structure of the two concertos about to be tried. We found them very interesting; full of the broad, jubilant, strong life of Handel, his unsentimental tenderness, his sweetness and nobility of melody, his thoroughly ingrained, spontaneous contrapuntal unity, his darling quaint conceits and mannerisms—which may fatigue, but cannot nauseate, like those of the modern operatic stage. They seemed not so much concertos for a solo instrument, in our present sense, as orchestral pieces (*concertstücke*) with oböe or both oböes, *obligato*—and that only in some movements. They come as near to the Symphony form, almost, as that one which I have since heard by Emanuel Bach. But perhaps the term “suites” for the orchestra would best describe them; each presenting a succession of different movements related in character and key. There were the strong, billowy figures, in which giant Handel delights, kept up in massive combinations of all the strings, and answered by flutes, oboes, bassoons and horns. And here one could see the sense of that construction of the orchestra in Handel’s time, which strikes us as so odd when we read about it. Who does not always feel,—when the overture to the “Messiah” or “Samson” is given, for instance,—that there is something ridiculously pinched and feeble when the strong phrases of the whole body of strings with double-basses are answered by a pair of

starveling flutes and oboes? Handel had hautboys and bassoons by tens and twenties in his bands. Such points naturally were discussed in these reunions of musical inquiries. The oböes were beautifully played; and one of them had a most lovely melody to play, or rather sing, in an Adagio Cantabile of rare beauty, that would seem modern alongside of Schubert and Weber, both in its melody and its accompanying figure.

We had to leave this pleasant sphere of musical spirits, when the desks and seats were thrust aside for long tables with beer, cigars and regular evening *commerz*; not before inscribing our names in their books, and receiving pressing invitations to come again and often; particularly one, which we accepted, for an evening of the next week, to hear Handel’s “Fire” and “Water” music; but which, to our regret, did not take place, owing to the absence of some essential instrument. Now that can really be called a musical city, in which the best musicians can be socially and musically *at home* one or two evenings in the week in this way. And could such societies exist in Boston, it would be *one* of the best means of making that a really musical city.

We go out into the moonlight, and, turning some dark corners—my companion leading—enter one of those smoke holes, swarming with beer-drinking life and laughter, distributed about in which, according to affinities, you may find the larger part of the intellectual, as well as the duller population, on any evening, in every city of Germany. The object is to find an old man, who is supposed to “*kneip*” here, and who, in his way, is quite a character. And presently there rose from the cigar smoke, in the further corner, the white head of a tall and rather courtly personage,—high intellectual forehead, strong profile—a face combining severity with companionable humor and a spice of drollery even—who greeted us very cordially, and entered eagerly into talk about America, and about the musical signs of the times, the old school and the new, &c., Plainly an oracle amongst his younger *con-sodales* in that corner, most of whom appeared to be musical. This was father WIECK, fond of having his own way evidently, but genial, witty, and proud (as he might be) of his daughters, Clara Schumann and the fräulein Marie. He knows well what is good in music; is a sharp, true critic, and is still as he long has been, one of the very best teachers of the piano living. Princes seek his tuition for their daughters, and pay him princely prices; and that his method is a good one, he has at least two notable examples in his own family to show. He is a thinker and not mere man of routine; and he carries himself not only with dignity, but with freshness of youth still; good for conviviality and good for work. The old man and our strong young violinist were evidently on the best of terms together. It was pleasant to see them; and so it was to see with what a mixture of admiring affection and respect the young men would address their questions and remarks to the “Herr Concertmeister,” as Joachim is styled at the court of Hanover, where he controls the music upon terms worthy of the independent spirit of an artist, and does not have to drudge in royal church and theatre like the Kapellmeisters of Dresden and most German courts. But, reader, it is time to take you out of this smoky, although genial, atmosphere, which we have only entered because

it seems to bring one more into the heart of German, and particularly musical German life. Out in the crystal cold October night air again, we breathe new life, and, with the great shadowy dome of the Frauen-Kirche looming before us grandly against the chaste stars, and the world dreaming in moonlight around us, we walk back to our hotel, to a sweet sleep (mingled with whatever sadness) after so beautiful a day.

Oct. 28.—Sunday. Attended morning service in the Court Church or Cathedral—Catholic Court of a Protestant people! But then some old Elector of Saxony, successor of Luther’s foremost political friend and champion, was glad enough to get the crown of Poland at the easy price of turning Catholic; and so it has stood ever since, his family piously adhering to his example. Princes have convenient consciences in these matters. Crowns make creeds convertible; you can change all so long as the first and central article, “the divine right of kings,” remains untouched. The church is an elaborately decorated structure in the Italian style, in somewhat oval shape, with a crowd of tall statues, more imposing by their size and the great shadows that they cast than beautiful, keeping watch and ward around the roof. It is of a blackened stone color, and connected by a bridge with the still more black and shabby looking royal palace. Opposite to it is the theatre, more elegant, eclipsing both. And the royal orchestra, or *kapelle*, from the theatre is transferred to the church choir on Sundays. Inside, the church has some splendor, several large paintings, fine, but not first-rate, and some frescoes on the ceiling which seem to emulate the style of Michael Angelo. A line divides the whole length of the church, and the women sit or stand on one side, the men on the other, less in the royal box, on one side of the altar, sat the old King John, looking rather sleepy and blasé; he should have more sympathy with free and noble spirits than to have consented to the delivering up the Count Teleki to Austria, for he himself translated Dante. There was a fine Silbermann organ; a fine orchestra, and a fine choir of boys, as well as of mixed voices; and the music is commended to strangers by the guide-books. This time a new mass was performed, the composition of one of the kapellmeisters, KREBS, who conducted in person. It was smooth enough, sweet sounding, commonplace production, rather sentimental than expressive, quite as much Italian as German, and not deeply expressive even in the *crucifixus*. The short choral and liturgical strains sung by the boys spoke to me more.

The rest of this day does not belong to you, O reader—until the evening, when from the solitary walk I hasten back across the bridge,—the perfect beauty of the full harvest moon reflected on the Elbe—to be in season for the opera, Mozart’s *Zauberflöte*. With all the excellent drollery and extravaganza that is mixed up in it, the prevailing impression of that opera on my mind has always been religious and sublime; few things come nearer to the character of great sacred music, than does those portions assigned to Sarastro and the priests, and the music of the trials in the last act. It was written in the same period and in the same state of mind with the *Requiem*. (This suggestion is not made here for the first time in this Journal.) And the plot itself, what is it, with all its fantasticalities, but the initiation,

through the trial and sacrifice of two young souls into the mysteries of the higher life, of a pure, immortal love? Who will say the music is not equal to the theme? The theatre is indeed a beautiful one, but had a somewhat old and dingy look inside; and those who sit in the parquet are more crowded than in our Boston Theatre; nor is it quite so large as either of our "Academies of Music." But the arrangements, decorations, &c., are most tasteful; and the stage effects, and scenery far beyond what we have.

The piece was very finely performed; the great excellence being in, what we had been led to expect of German theatres, the perfection of the *ensemble*. It was good enough *as a whole* to reconcile one to considerable inadequacy in two or three leading parts. The maiden part of Pamina, for instance, was hard and soulless in the rendering of Fräulein Baldamus; and I felt this the more after the beautiful and touching manner in which I had heard the same part sung, and seen it acted, in Munich, by a young debutante of remarkably fresh, soulful quality of voice, (Frl. Stehle), who entered admirably into the pure and innocent feeling of the music. The Sarastro had a ponderous voice enough, but no priestly dignity and air of wisdom; round-faced and beardless like a lazy tavern-keeper. The tenor, Herr Rudolph, as Tamino, was fair, and sang at least in good taste. The Queen of Night, Frau Janner-Krall, had a good degree of brilliant vocalism for those high bravura passages, and made one feel too that there is character and passion in that music. Papageno (Herr Dettmer) was delightfully droll and clever, making the grotesqueness of the part poetical and true to the music. Then certain parts, which have some of the finest and heavenliest music, the Three Ladies and the Three Genii, always abridged and murdered on our stage, were here entrusted to really good singers, and nothing was left out. The choruses of priests were given with sublime effect; so admirable in a male chorus I had never heard. Nor in any opera, so admirable an orchestra, unless perhaps in the Grand Opera, in Paris. It seemed to me even more perfect than the Gewandhaus orchestra; the wind band certainly was so. And Herr RIETZ was the model of a conductor, all alive and life-inspiring. It was a perfect luxury, apart from the singing, to hear the Mozart music brought out by that orchestra. The scenic displays and transformations too, were marvellous; everything artistic, ideal, up to the intention of the music, co-operating with it; instead of making burlesque of the whole thing, as we so often see in the hurried, bungling, pompously heralded attempts to get up some grand opera in the short "seasons" of our speculator impresarios in Boston and New York. I went away, although it *was* a theatre, with thoughts solemnized and at the same time exalted; far more so than from the church mass in the morning. We talked late and long that night.

Oct. 29. A bright, cold day. The morning goes off rapidly in the gallery of paintings. First —there is no resisting it— another look at Raphael's heavenly Madonna. She seems to glow with a yet heavenlier loveliness, to have soared to a yet higher sphere, since the first visit. I never saw a picture that was so full of soul. Its influence is like music. From the good copies you can imagine that; but you must come to the

original to realize it. Next, we slip into the small side cabinets and traverse the whole twenty of them till we find ourselves in the corresponding hall at the other extremity of the long building, before the also admirable, but by no means equally inspired, Madonna and child of the younger Holbein, with the old Burgermeister and his family of Basel kneeling before them. This is the great treasure of the gallery in German art. Before many other curious, often beautiful German works we stop; one or two only by Dürer—you must go to Munich for him; many by Cranach; a few by Van Eyck, Hemlin, &c. There are fine Rubenses; particularly fine Rembrandts and Van Dycks. The Spanish school, too, is rich: Murillo, Velasquez, Herrera, Spagnoletto (his St Maria of Egypt kneeling before her grave, an angel throwing her grave-cloth over her—dismal situation, but wonderful picture). And there is no end of exquisite little pictures by the Dutch masters:—Ostade, Teniers, Netscher, Wouvermann, Metsu, &c., &c.— and Mieris, whose minutely finished, charming little character pieces seem to contain the germ, if not almost the model, of this new modern French school of Frères, &c., so much imitated by our young American artists. But, next to the Madonna of Raphael, the picture before which I lingered longest was a small one by Titian, called the "Zinsgroschen," i.e. "the tribute money." Two heads only, that of Christ and of the Pharisee holding up the coin. The former is the most beautiful, spiritual, reverent and love inspiring face which I have yet seen in any painter's imagination of the subject; for they are of course all failures. The color seems actually *breathe*d upon the canvas—or rather, wood—it does not seem like paint or anything mechanical. Next in point of interest was Correggio's Adoration of the Shepherds, commonly called Correggio's "Night," and half a dozen other of that master's more important works.

I hurry back, belated, to the rehearsal of our two artists; too late to hear much, but not for the beginning of a pleasant acquaintance with the Frau Clara Schumann.

After dinner a walk alone into the yellow woods of the royal Grossgarten, or Great Garden, the finest and most extensive of the beautiful parks about Dresden. Tastefully laid out roads and walks, elegant palaces and groups of statuary surprising you at various turns, and cafés as big as palaces, &c. It was one of these last that the wanderer sought, a long time bewildered in the pleasing labyrinth: for he had seen a concert announced there. Luckily belated! for he entered just in time to hear only the two middle pieces of the programme, which were all he wanted. Such was the profound, attentive silence of the groups around the coffee-tables at that moment, that he almost feared to enter; but he must creep to a seat, or lose what the orchestra had just commenced, a symphony (No. 1, in C) by Weber. That romantic composer he had never met before in this form. It was interesting, not poor in Weberish ideas and warmth of instrumentation; in the andante and the Finale (Presto) beautiful; but not a great symphony. The other piece was the Coriolan overture of Beethoven, in point of fiery, concise, concentrated, complete utterance his best. And during both these pieces the beer mugs and coffee cups refrained from rattling, as did thoughtless tongues, and women plied their

knitting-needles all so quietly and listened, as if that was what they had come for. Is not this a musical people? It was a nice orchestra, directed by one Mannfeldt.

The evening brings the second Soirée of CLARA SCHUMANN and JOACHIM, and we are seated in another brilliant audience, more numerous and enthusiastic than before. Programme:

1. Sonata (A major), piano.	J. S. Bach
2. Lieder : "Waldegespräch" (Eichendorff).	Schumann
3. "Dein Angesicht" (Heine).	
4. Rondo brillant (op. 70), piano and violin.	Schubert
5. Adagio, and Scherzo, violin.	Spohr
6. Lieder : "Geständniss (Geibel)." {	Schumann
7. Sonata (op. 47, A major), piano and violin.	Beethoven

You may imagine that the "Kreutzer Sonata" was played on this occasion about as grandly and inspiringly as it could be played. No violin, no strings, that I have ever heard, vibrate so strongly out of the soul of Beethoven, as Joachim's; and Mme. Schumann so far, take it all in all, impresses me as the best interpreter of Beethoven on the piano. Joachim, too, gave us the best side of Spohr that evening. Could Spohr himself have presented himself to better advantage? The Sonata by old Bach was of course one of the newest, freshest things, which one can hear in these barren days of virtuoso-dom and "Zukunfts" music. A most charming and really edifying variety in this programme was furnished by the songs of Robert Schumann, four of his most felicitous and beautiful. And they had the advantage of a singer, a young tenor from the Royal Opera, Herr SCHNORR VON CAROLSFELD (a son, I think, of the distinguished painter, who designed the Niebelungen frescoes at Munich), who in warmth and sweetness of voice, purity and style, and delicate truth of expression and feeling excels any German tenor I have heard, and can sing such German songs as satisfactorily as one can ever hope to hear them.

Another long letter already, and yet not done with Dresden!

D.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER'S MUSICAL SOIREE.

PART I.

1. Quartette.	Haydn
2. Variations Concertantes, for Piano and Violoncello.	Mendelssohn
3. Aria: "Quando miro".	Mozart
4. Piano Sonata, op. 7.	Beethoven
Allegro con brio, Largo, Allegro, Rondo Grasioso.	

PART II.

5. Grand Duo. Two Pianos. "Hommage à Händel"	Moscheles
6. Songs: { "Sun of the sleepless," (from Byron's "Hebrew Melodies") .	Mendelssohn
{ "Love's Messenger" .	Festa
7. { Presto Scherzando.	Mendelssohn
{ Valse, op. 18.	Chopin

Miss Fay.

8. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello.	Schubert
Allegro, Andante con moto, Scherzo, Finale, Allegro.	

As will be seen from the programme, the selection of pieces by Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Schubert was a very good one. In fact there was too much of a good thing, the programme was too long. Mr. PARKER had the assistance of Mrs. HARWOOD, Miss MARY FAY and the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. He appeared in four pieces, one solo and the other concerted. Best of all we liked his playing in the Variations by Mendelssohn with Violoncello and in the Trio by Schubert. In the latter we found great improvement since the last hearing at the Mendelssohn Quintette Club Concert. It was played with energy and taste, smoothly and effectively. It was a pity, however, that we had to go without the Scherzo, certainly the most pleasing movement to the public. We understand, of course, that the lateness of the hour was the reason for the omission. Yet we would gladly have staid the four minutes longer, to hear it. The variations gave real pleasure, being played finely by Messrs. Parker and WULF FRIES. The Duo by Moscheles, "Hommage à Händel" likewise went very well with the exception of the Introduction which was taken somewhat too slow. It is a beautiful, strong and noble composition

and pleased much. We should have liked less *rubato* playing in the Beethoven Sonata. The earlier sonatas of Beethoven, in fact all but the very last, require strict movement, and lose of their chaste character by a different treatment. With Beethoven all is on a large scale. Expression in his works depends principally on contrasting period against period, one large mass against another. Much less than in Chopin's or Schumann's works is it to be left to the arbitrary feeling of the player. It is only in his latest works that he employs a frequent change of *tempo* in the same movement of the sonata and there he always states it. So for instance in the A flat Sonata, op. 110, where in the last three movements the tempo frequently changes. The Allegro (Scherzo) would have been improved, we think, by a little more ease and abandon. The first two parts are full of roguish grace, which an easier, more lively style would have brought out. The trio, minore, was played somewhat louder in the first part than seems admissible. There the faint melody is to be surrounded by a halo of tones, shrouded in an atmosphere of sombre hues by means of the arpeggios which are to be as delicate as possible. The Rondo was less finished as to the mechanical part than the other movements.

Mrs. Harwood sang the aria in the first part in the right manner and with much feeling and expression. Her voice was not as clear as usual in the second part. The song by Mendelssohn, though it was sung so as to produce the sad melancholy mood in which it is written, would have been improved by a trifle more of feeling; it sounded slightly monotonous. The song by Fesca was the only piece that did not merit a place on the programme. It is taking, and was encored; but it is not of sterling merit. It bears the strong family-likeness of a number of boleros, without excelling in original ideas. Mrs. Harwood acted in good taste not to repeat it, but to substitute the beautiful song by Schubert, "Faded flowers," which she sang beautifully.

Miss Fay acquitted herself finely in the Duo by Moscheles, where she played with marked taste and precision. Commendable is her touch. She brought out finely the nicest shadings, and in the piano passages exhibited a warmth and sweetness of tone that was truly pleasing. She also played very well the Presto scherzando by Mendelssohn. Less good was her version of Chopin's Valse in E flat. It lacked tenderness and nice shading and was hurried in many places, especially so at the close.

Members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club assisted in the first and the last piece on the programme. They played well in both, especially so in the E flat Trio by Schubert.

In the place of the first piece, however, we had two movements from Mozart's D major quartette (No. 10), the first and third. The practice of playing parts only of a quartette or any piece in the sonata form is a bad one. We had occasion to make the same remark some time ago. It is especially so in a chamber concert like this, where we expect choice pieces entire. The same applies to repetitions of parts; in the Beethoven Sonata, as well as in the Trio by Schubert, a repetition of parts was omitted. Now we have no doubt, that Mr. Parker is as convinced as we are of the necessity of carrying out the intentions of the composers in this particular as in every other, and, as remarked before, ascribe these omissions to the length of the programme. But then it would have been better to curtail the programme and let us have entire pieces as the composers intended them. The Adagio in the Mozart Quartette lost much by not being preceded by that naive and graceful Minuetto and followed by the lively, sparkling Allegro Finale. It sounded dead, tedious.

We applaud Mr. Parker for his good intentions in presenting so rich a programme to the public. In these days, when so many persons think it best to come down to the taste of the public, it is refreshing to see a faithful devotion to what is best and noblest in art. We wish the public had shown themselves as interested in the classical music offered by filling the hall better.

Popular Concerts.

"It is ill wind that blows nae body gude," says the Scotch proverb. In the dearth of our concert season the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB conceived and carried out the good idea of giving Saturday evening concerts, which were to be of a "quasi popular" character, as a contemporary happily styles it. They have given three thus far, in each of which they presented pieces of sterling merit. And an especial gain it was for us, to have converted pieces for wind and string instruments such as the septette by Beethoven, which was repeated. The Octette by

Schubert was first played at a concert of the regular series, but was repeated at the second Saturday concert and Mademoiselle Patti's concert, which took the place of the fourth Saturday concert. The aria from *Orpheus* by Glück, the Allegro from Lachner's Quintette, the Canzonetta from Mendelssohn's Quartette and the Songs without words, though arrangements, all belong to what may be called strictly classical music. This selection is highly commendable and we do not find fault with the other pieces presented at those evenings.

There is a large class of persons, who either from a natural defect, or want of practice in listening to the best, or from a habit of listening to bad music, are unable to find enjoyment in what some people sneeringly term "classical" or "scientific" music. We almost wish those terms had never been employed. They are so often used as an excuse for disliking good music, that it would have been better had such people been left in ignorance of the distinction between compositions conveyed in those words. There are naturally those, who find anything tedious that is written by Bach or Handel; musical critics (save the mark!) who find the *Messiah* antiquated, who call the Octette by Schubert "broken-crackery music," going into ecstasies over the *Haymakers* and *La Traviata*. Now such people are to be pitied; for surely they would wish to admire the best, if only they could. And from their individual point of view they admire the best, in *La Traviata* or the *Haymakers*. There are such people in literature and every art. What would the New York Ledger, to name the prominent representative of a large class of papers, do without patrons in literature? How would the daubers, who make those pictures that we receive periodically by the ship load from across the Atlantic, be able to earn a living, if it were not for just such persons, who admire the fearful specimens of the art of "the first European artists," as the advertisements of the auctioneer invariably read? We cannot expect that every one should stay away from the theatre, when "sensation pieces" are on the stage for weeks in succession. We cannot expect people suddenly to fall in love with Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser and Chaucer, and leave off reading stories "that are not continued." In short, we cannot expect people as a mass to like what is best, to have a tendency for the ideal. The mass of people, on the contrary, have a tendency to what is mediocre or commonplace, and so we have flourishing "opera houses," nightly thronged by "appreciative audiences," places that derive a principal attraction from the fact, that the natural color of the face and hands is changed to a more sable hue. And therefore we have no orchestral concerts, no "Philharmonic Society" this winter, because there is not interest enough in the mass of the people to pay \$2.50 for six concerts.

There is demand for music of a low or at least common place character, and therefore that demand must be satisfied. And it will be satisfied. But this is a fact so well understood that it were hardly worth the ink shed in writing these paragraphs, if there were not people who conceive it to be their especial duty, to put in a plea for such music. It is scarcely a twelve month since a musical paper, not far from the town where we are writing, was inaugurated by a leader setting forth, that the concerts in Boston had been of too elevated a character; that they needed to be popularized; the public desired another class of music; and that therefore the programmes in future ought to be of a mixed character so as to attract large (mixed?) audiences. This reminds me of the preface to an instruction-book, in which the author alleges, that the majority of persons that learn music, do not desire or comprehend good music, and that in view of this fact (undeniable, to be sure,) pleasing music ought to be put in instruction books. Which the good man did, and thus supplied the "longfelt want." There is no danger, therefore, of that want for music of a lighter character ("Dixie," &c., &c.) being unsupplied. It is taken care of in the places proper for it. But where it ought not to be supplied, is just in the Music Hall or any other place where good concerts are given. We know there is music of a lighter kind, which is not as bad as Dixie; quite good in fact, of its kind, such as good waltzes and polkas and other dances, a number of operatic songs, without much lasting value, but as useful as candy or checkerberry lozenges. That too, is furnished generally in its proper place by bands, in afternoon concerts, &c. We have not the least objection to its being performed at its proper time and place. But to advocate the introduction of lighter music in "Philharmonic concerts" proves the incapacity

of such persons or papers to take an intelligent part in the discussion of musical matters.

The mass of the people remain children, intellectually and morally. And therefore they ought to be treated as such. Generally speaking we have the idea that in the case of children a progressive course of instruction is best, proceeding from the rudiments up to the higher branches. Well then, if the public be like children, let them be musically instructed, proceeding from the A B C among musical composition to the nobler effusions of the human heart, from simplest national air or waltz and polka up to "classical or scientific" music.

The M. Q. Club have undertaken to give "quasi-popular" concerts. They have shown by their programmes, what was to be expected, that they have the due regard for what is best, by introducing such excellent pieces at those Saturday concerts, as they have. We will conclude this article by repeating a suggestion made in the Journal before, and adding another. Among Haydn's 37 Symphonies there are six for eight, two for nine, seven for ten, five for eleven performers and one for twelve. Fifteen only of the thirty-seven require an orchestra of from thirteen to nineteen performers. As the Club have already brought out a Septette and an Octette, some of these symphonies might be put on their programmes; so introducing Boston audiences to much that they would hardly have heard, if we had orchestral concerts. "It is an ill wind that blows nae body gude."

Another suggestion would be, to place the pieces of sterling value in one and those of less importance in another part of the programme, so that one might not be obliged to hear pieces of little interest, while waiting for those held in higher esteem. This would work both ways. Persons who wish to hear lighter music need not sit out a classical piece and vice versa.

We wish to say more on this subject in a future article. *

MIDDLE PATTI'S CONCERT attracted a large audience last Saturday evening. The Mendelssohn Club contributed the Schubert Octette, divided into two parts, which was more effective in the great hall than we should have supposed it could be.

Middle Patti abundantly confirmed the good impression she made at the concert of Stigelli, and was enthusiastically applauded in all she did. And of STIGELLI what can we say that we have not already said. Mr. EICHBERG played a violin solo in his usual faultless manner, and Mr. S. B. MILLS, the pianist of the evening, showed himself an artist of remarkable skill, and made upon the audience the marked impression that we anticipated in hearing him some months ago, in private. The audience, we think, would have been better pleased with a Chickering piano, as the Steinway grand used at this concert was certainly no better an instrument than we are accustomed to hear in concerts here, and the New York *chef d'œuvre* failed to excite the admiration anticipated, or to bear the comparison with the Chickering's Erard piano.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are going to present at their next Tuesday's concert for the first time in Boston a Quintette in F minor for Piano and strings by Dussek, also to play the grand quartette in E flat, op. 127, by Beethoven, which so took with the public last year, truly a splendid project.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—Our readers will be glad to see the announcement of a concert tomorrow evening by this Society, in connection with Stigelli and Mlle. Patti. The programme embraces stirring selections of choruses from St. Paul, Elijah, Solomon and the *MESSIAH*, and Stigelli will sing the *Cujus Animam* of Rossini which he is so well adapted to give in the best way.

Musical Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS—**FABBRI**, has been here, and gave three concerts, assisted by Abelli Baritone, and Herr Mülder, Pianist. Do you expect to be bored with a criticism? If you do, you won't. It is the fault of our geographical position that we do not hear any body till you get all the information you wish. The merits of all the artists are fully discussed before we get our chance. So we can only say that Fabbri has been here, through the liberality of Mr. Boernstein. You know how she sang, and how we were delighted.

But something remains for us to speak of. The state of the music in our city amongst ourselves, or in other words, the welfare of our Philharmonic Society. The spirit is still kept up and it is making rapid progress. Mr. Sobolewski, conducting orchestra and vocal both with the same facility.

PART I.	
1. Overture, "Le Nozze di Figaro,".....	Mozart
2. { a) Chorus, "Arise up, arise," } from Oratio- { Mendelssohn	
{ b) Choral, "Sleepers awake," } from St. Paul. { Bartholdy	
3. Bravura Song "Happy Birdling," with flute accom- paniment.....	W. V. Wallace
4. Piano Solo, "Concert Stueck,".....	C. M. Von Weber
5. Duet, "While thus around joy," from La Favor- ite.....	Donizetti

PART II.

1. Overture, "Flagell's Cave,".....	Mendelssohn Bartholdy
2. Chorus, "Happy and blessed are they, from St. Paul.....	Mendelssohn Bartholdy
3. Violin Solo, "Je suis le petit tambour,".....	F. David
4. Scherzo from 7th Symphonie.....	Beethoven
5. Solo and Chorus, "Conjuration et Benediction," from "Les Huguenots,".....	Meyerbeer

The very elements conspired to make this a success. The weather was settled, and the full moon shone with a softer and mellowed light than ever is seen in your colder latitudes—and to crown all it was—think of it, it was in *St. Louis*, *splendid sleighing*.

It is three years since I have seen a sleigh, and as I listened to the sweet music of the soft bells, and the crisping snow, and watched the sleighs, driving up and depositing their precious burdens until 2400 were anxiously waiting for the overture, I again fancied myself in your city. Never did concert prove a more perfect success. Miss McGunnegle sang the Happy Birdling, Mr. Carr of course playing the Flauto obbligato, Mr. Chas. Balmer presiding at the piano. Mr. Bodie, played the Concert Stück, and suffice it to say that nothing more could have been desired in its performance. The duett from La Favorita was sung by Mr. Crowell and Miss Walker, and the Violin Solo by Prof. Anton.

The overtures and choruses were well received. I know not how many there were in the chorus, I counted 165 from where I sat.

In the "Benediction" Miss Annie Dean Mr. Cath-
erwood and Mr. Labatski took the prominent parts and many times have we heard worse singing, even in the great metropolitan troupes. Does not the Society deserve credit for bringing it out and doing it well, and all the rest of that programme besides? The influence of such a society as ours, can hardly be over-estimated. people are beginning to think of other music than "Dixie." The society is now firmly established and has over \$7000. The Director is a man of the highest ability, the members are talented and hard-working and the community are being more and more interested every day, and we wish you to take notice that New York and Boston will have their most formidable rival in our great Western Metropolis.

A. C.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 28, 1861.—The third concert of the Cecilia Society was given on Friday, 25th inst., with the following excellent programme :

PART I.

Vintager's Chorus from the "Seasons,".....	Haydn
Duo for Violin and Pianoforte.....	Heller and Ernst
Aria from "The Marriage of Figaro,".....	Mozart
Adagio and Finale from "Sonata," F Min.....	Beethoven
a "Passage Birds Farewell," } For Soprano and Alto, b "Flowing and Ebbing," }	Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
Scene from "Tannhäuser,".....	R. Wagner

PART II.

Hunting Chorus from the "Seasons,".....	Haydn
Concert Song.....	Eckert
Concerto for Violin.....	De Beriot
Three Songs.....	Rob. Franz
a Love in Spring.	
b Autumn Sorrow.	
c He has come in Rain and Storm.	
Finale from the uncompleted Opera "Lorelein,"	Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

The magnificent finale from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, *Lorelei*, was the gem of the evening, and to *Madame Rivé* we are under especial obligations for the excellent manner in which she sustained the difficult Soprano Solo.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Howard Vaughan, who was to have made his first appearance in public here, the Duo for the Violin and Piano and the Concerto were omitted. The disappointment which the an-

nouncement created was relieved in a measure by the substitution of Beethoven's 6th minor Sonata, performed by Mr. André. In the last movement of this Sonata we should have preferred a more strict adherence to the *tempo* in which it was begun; the Adagio and Allegretto however were faultless. The scene from *Tannhäuser* was given as well as could be expected from a feeble piano accompaniment. For a more thorough appreciation of the three songs by Robert Franz we could suggest a repetition of the same in the next concert. J. A. D.

THE GREAT ENGLISH TENOR.—There is a great tenor singer in London, who has not yet been heard in this country. His voice combines the power of Brahms, the pathos of Incledon, and the sweetness of Sinclair, all names of renown in the English ballad line. This famous tenor receives fifty pounds—two hundred and fifty dollars—every time he sings, whether it be in opera, oratorio, concert, or isolated entertainment. People go many miles to hear this vocalist, and people are often disappointed, for no Italian *prima donna assoluta*, no dainty and idolized *primo tenore* from the Scala or the San Carlo, ever had such talent for "sudden indisposition." For some time the impression was strong that the gentleman was given to potations of inordinate strength; but this notion wore away when it was discovered that the great tenor labored under such nervous and neuralgic afflictions that he was obliged to resort to resort to the electric baths, and smaller nostrums, every day in his life. He really was ill, and no mistake. We observe, by the London papers, that it is now the fashion to turn the famous tenor's sickness to account. He is, for example, announced to play "Robin Hood," or to sing at a *matinée*, Morris's "Star of Love," or "Woodman, spare that tree." He is taken ill; but the audience have paid their money, and they go away, after hearing an indifferent substitute performance, hoping for "better fortune next time." A few days elapse, and then comes the announcement, "Fra Diavolo," by our hero, "his first appearance since his hoarseness." There is a rush. For three consecutive nights he sings. Again a stoppage, and then a new excitement: "Elvira," Mr.—'s first appearance since he was *upset in the buggy*." We see, by the Times, that the uncle of the distinguished vocalist has just died. A decent pause, and then we may expect to read, "Come into the garden, Maud," will be sung by the popular favorite, his first appearance since he lost his uncle!" really the liberties which vocalists and their "managers" take with an enlightened public, in trying to make capital of disasters and domestic affairs, would be intolerably offensive if they were not insufferably ridiculous.—*Home Journal*.

THE MYSTERY OF MUSIC.—What a mystery is music—invisible, yet making the eye shine; intangible, but making all the nerves to vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as if a strain from that above, ascending to that as a thank-offering from ours. It is God's gift, and it is too lofty for anything but his praise; too near to the immortal to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for inclining hearts to earth. O, that the churches knew how to sing; making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as a midnight song of the nightingale!—*Arthur's Italy in Transition*.

REV. DR. GUTHRIE, the distinguished Scotch divine of Edinburgh, says the correspondent of the *Banner*, recently made a statement in regard to postures of public worship, which has created a sensation. He expressed from the pulpit, a few Sabbaths ago, a wish to "disburden the conscience" on a matter which had long pressed upon it:

"He said that the *proper attitude for singing was standing*—proper because it was an act of worship, and proper because it was the better fitted for the act of singing. He said that he believed that there were a prejudice in favor of *sitting* during the singing of the psalms on the ground that it was a good old Scotch custom. This was an entire mistake. The good old Scotch custom was to stand, and sitting was first introduced in Scotland by the recommendation of the Westminster Commissioners, who wished that there should be an *uniformity* in worship in both parts of the island. It was introduced in Scotland in compliance with English prejudices.

"In like manner," said Dr. G. "kneeling at prayer, and not standing, is the proper attitude. He could himself testify that standing is a constrained attitude, in a narrow pew, distracted the attention and rendered it very difficult to follow the clergyman."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Gold rules the world. From "Bianca, the Brava's bride." 25

My childhood's days. " " " 25

Two Songs from Balfe's new Opera. As Balfe did not bring out a new opera last year and is said to have taken more than usual pains with this latest work of his, there will be considerable curiosity to see the gems. The opera has been eminently successful in London. Other songs, duets, &c., will follow immediately.

The Balm of Gilead. H. T. Bryant. 25

A very funny song, which has often been executed at Excursions, Picnics, Camp-meetings, &c., during the last few years, and is now printed for the first time.

The reaper and the flowers. Song. J. R. Thomas. 25

The well-known beautiful poem of Longfellow, very finely set to music.

Cleon and I. Ballad. J. H. McNaughton. 25

A simple song for young singers which will prove very acceptable.

Amongst the village swains. From "The Marriage of Georgette." 25

A popular song from a new comic operetta, by Victor Massé, lately brought out in London with great success.

Instrumental Music.

Liberty Duet in "I Puritani." Four hands. 15

Fra poco a me, in "Lucia." " 15

Easy arrangement for pupils in the second quarter.

I know that my Redeemer liveth. Four hands. Rimbaud. 15

With verdure clad. Four hands. " 15

Very easy arrangements.

Overture, Merry Wives of Windsor. Nicolai. 75

A standard overture, and one of the very prettiest. It will soon become as familiar as the overtures to Zampa, Martha, &c.

Austrian Medley. Chas. Grobe. 50

A potpourri of melodies peculiar to Austria, consisting chiefly of Tyrolean airs.

Books.

DINORAH (Le Pardon de Ploërmel). A Romantic Opera in Three Acts, with Italian and English Words. The latter by Henry T. Chorley. The Music by G. Meyerbeer. 3,00

An elegant volume is here presented as the seventh of the series which, under the general title of "Standard Operas," has been issued during the past five years by Ditson & Co. This new opera of Meyerbeer contains many attractive features and has already attained a marked popularity with the admirers of the class of music it so ably represents.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

